

Life. He was by no means a poor poet. He was a shoemaker, but had a soul more susceptible than that of the English poet. He had a generally fine expression of features, he obtained the nickname of "Foggy-Faced Fogo." Poor Jack Fogo, a poem of the period, called "Jack Fogo's Ghost," makes reference to Fogo. The writer says—

When all in midnight gloom was lost,
A light in the street—
In stilled Jack Fogo's slender ghost,
And stood at Fogo's feet.
"Woe, Laureate, woe!" exclaimed the
Spirits,
"Start from thy mortal frame—
Through its veil of night,
To sporting dismal mirth."
"Oh, Laureate, woe!" exclaimed the
Spirits,
"Start from thy mortal frame—
Through its veil of night,
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"Oh, Laureate, woe!" exclaimed the
Spirits,
"Start from thy mortal frame—
Through its veil of night,
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From all of which you will see that Fogo was a name like Fogo's foot. Fogo's foot was a name like Fogo's foot.

THE WEATHER.
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At once humane and brave, his task noblesse,
In friendship meets his man, in friendship leaves.
Who, I reply, would not, when Honour leads
The way,
As to the mortal goal, from boring blows,
The sword, the cruel knife, the boiling oil, but knows?
Who but must own the "Honour's firmest friend,
Before whom aches the wisest will bend?"
He will make the weaker wiser;
Such he will make e'en from the rage of honour's
prize?
This, my friend, are (and a thousand more)
Controlled apostles, who, by laws
From thee, O Prophet, must ever speak—
For over thee apostles attend the Ruler!"

Our "A.L.C." in a long poem, describing a
fight at Monksley Hurst, thus concludes—
"And their combatants, who, though they end—
few bits can't their friendship read—
or even should a quarrel cause
the right which gives so much applause,
be found or two days after, the mark,
and there's an end of all dispute,
Whether 'tis better, face to face,
In fight, and bear the blood disfigure,
Or be sold out, and the mark the mark,
And stab antagonists in the dark,
Is not for me to think or say;
Let our neighbours have their way:
It is his business, and his mark the mark,
As Zaf said when he kissed the oar,

